

A BATTLE

FOUGHT with the

BOASTERS:

O R,

PATROCLUS's *weak* DEFENCE
by FORCE defeated;

A N D

H—LM—S, S—MP—N, E—GL—D,

And all their

Vaunting HOST, cast Headlong into the
SEA of IGNORANCE.

B Y

PHILOMATHEMATICUS's Army of *Arguments*.

JUPITER ipse duas sequato examine lances
Sustinet, & fata imponit diversa duorum;
Quem damnet Labor, & quo vergat pondere Lethum,
Emicat hic, impune putans, & Corpore toto
Alte sublatum confurgit Turnus in enseni,
Et ferit. Exclamant Troës, trepidique Latini,
Arrectæque amborum acies. At perfidus ensis
Frangitur, in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,
Ni fuga subsidio subeat. Fugit ocyor Euro,
Ut capulum ignotum dextramque adfixit inermem.

Ergo amens diversa fuga petit sequora Turnus:
Et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbes.

Ennas instat contra Telumque coruscant.

Ingens arboreum, & stavo sic pectore satur:

Quæ nunc dein te Mora est? Aut quid jam, Turne, retractas?

— Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas

Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit. *Virg. Æn. XII.*



Heavenly

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N. B. We have not Room for the Names of several other worthy Sub-
scribers in Norwich, Bungay, Suffolk, &c. which came too late to be
inserted, and therefore hope they will not think themselves obliged.



A

BATTLE

WITH THE

BOASTERS.

*Arma virumque cano, Troje qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato Profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora.* Virg. Æneid.

BOASTS, and the Man I sing, whose
Fame of late
Has suffer'd Scandal, shameful Lies, and
Hate ;
Aspers'd and scorn'd, for speaking Truth
confess'd ;
By *E-gl—d*, *S—mp—n*, *H—lm—s*, and by the rest :
Envy'd, degraded, censur'd, threaten'd, curst ;
And represented of all Men the worst !
Long on the Seas of Emulation toss'd,
Thrown on the *ign'rant* and *pedantic* Coast ;
Attack'd by *Fools*, by savage-*Dunces* most :
With Patience struggling long, Abuses bore ;
But is resolv'd to bear the same no more.
O *Muse* ! the Mischief, and the Causes tell,
Whence sprung this Wrath, how all this Strife beset ;
Whence all these foreign, and domestic Jarrs ?
The Cause of all these mighty Paper-Wars !

Since

Since *Lucifer* first, proudly, did rebel
 Against the King of Heav'n, for which he fell,
 And falling thence, was sentenced to Hell;
 Envy was born, of jarring-Thoughts combin'd;
 Begot a Fury in the D——'s Mind:
 As *Pallas* from the Brain of *Jove* sprung forth,
 So *Envy* from th' infernal Mind took Birth.
 Now *Satan* swoln with Hate, expell'd and driv'n
 (With hissing-*Envy*) from the Court of Heav'n,
 Hurl'd headlong downwards, by th' eternal-Might,
 To dwell in *Chaos*, and eternal Night;
 He plots Revenge, and guiltless Man betray'd;
 For the Creation by this Time was made.
Envy on Earth, now, soon began to reign,
Abel was hated by his Brother *Cain*;
 And for his envy'd-Offerings, by him slain.
Seth soon was born in murder'd *Abel's* Place,
Cain knew his Wife, Seed's rais'd, and Men encrease;
 A blessed some! and some a curst Race!
Pallas presides o'er Arts, and Science bright;
Envy o'er Ignorance, Hatred, Pride, and Spite:
Envy the Fiend of Discontent and Jars,
 Has e'er since Man with *Pallas* been at Wars,
 And Sons of *Envy*, Pride, and Ignorance,
 At those of Art, did ever take Offence;
 At such, who speak bold Truths, and Title claim
 To Judgment, Merit, Virtue, Science, Fame.
 Hence all the Scandal of imperious Tongues,
 And, all the Poison of reproachful Lungs.
 Great Sons of *Envy*, *E---gl---d*, *S---mp---n*, *H---lm---s*!
 From hence 'tis all your busy-boasting comes:
 Your Vaunts, your Din, and all your senseless Rage,
 Which much, of late, have swell'd the angry Page.
 'Twas envious Tongues, long exercis'd in Spite,
 'Gainst Sons of Art, first tempted me to write;
 To speak the Truth, and to defend the Cause
 Of *Trojan-Heath*, hence all these Paper-Wars.
 That *Trojan-Chief*, who still in Science roves,
 And to be *Victor* in right-Reason loves;
 Aw'd by no *Press*! by Scandal uncontroll'd,
 In Truth still busy, in Researches bold;

A Battle with the Boasters,

7

His studious Mind 'gainst Ignorance possess,
 Abhors bad Authors, but adores the *Best*;
 Who, reading *Locke*, is more than doubly blest!
 But reading *H--lm---*, how small is the Delight!
 * *Who thinks not always, or not always right*:
 For even in this, his boasted *sure-Defence*,
 Is seen false Reas'ning, Judgment, and false Sense:
 Truth shou'd, in Order, from each Topic flow;
 As Boughs from *Trees*, and Leaves from *Branches* grow;
 But here, promiscuous, in wild order shoot,
 Leaves from the *Trunk*, and Branches from the *Root*:
Sprouts thrive aloft, no Fruit of Wit is found;
 But Falshood flourish in a barren Ground.
 Now, in the Spring, the *Sap* begins to rise,
 And pregnant *Dulness* labours to be wise.
Minerva, Goddess, aid me to rehearse,
 The Grecian-*Boasts*, in trusty trojan-Verse.
Achilles, *Patroclus*, *Ulysses*, all
 Those fictitious Foes, *H--lm---* is the Personal;
H--lm--- is the Man who lurks behind the Screen,
 And boasts, and fights, not willing to be seen;
 But, now, 'tis Time to draw him forth to Light,
 To fight indeed, or to be put to Flight.
 How wonderful! this Grecian-Chief has slain
Misanthropus, and *Rhesus* in his Brain;
 And yet he fairly own'd it, *at the End*,
 Those *Trojans* live; but won't with them contend.
 What must I all his Labour'd-boasting call?
 Is it absurd, or is't *Nonsensical*?
 Crack'd Reas'ning's worse than Breach of Grammar-Rule,
 For which a Boy is soundly lash'd at School.
 How does he idly, *page the 11th, prate*,
 And lavish Praise on's Book, at such a rate!
 Yet, in th' Apology, those Words wou'd eat.
 Grown conscious of his *Faults*, he can't defend;
 But begs that *Critics* kindly won'd amend:
 And yet to screen himself wou'd, too, pretend.

H--lm---

* Mr. *H--lm---* believes that Men *always think*, and quotes Mr. *Locke* to prove it.

H-lm--s be advis'd, *Boy*, never publish more,
 "Till you've more Judgment, Learning, Grounds, in }
 Store ;
 "Till you have studied Reas'ning better o'er.
 Trite *Syllables* you've learn'd, or *Case*, or *Tense* ;
 But, by your leave, you are to seek in Sense.
 No more, in Ale-houses, make such a Rout !
 This in the *Press*, and this will next come out ;
 Nor advertise, so boldly, nigh a Feast,
Geo metres, *Ar* counts, *Ast* colit, and the rest.
 By Itch of Praise, Men oft to Ruin run,
 And lose those Honours, which they'd justly won.
 With equal Grace, I might become the Bays,
 As you pretend to Scientific-Praise !
 Should I expose, as much I fear I shall,
 You must come in, your Usher, *Tom*, and all.
 I always thought, that *Heath* was better known
 Than want to borrow Diction not his own ;
 But he's, *it seems*, in Language ignorant ;
 Unskill'd in Stops, surprising Incident ! }
 Yet you allow he has Embellishment.
 Fit nothing for the *Press* himself, alone !
 This is the *Case* of *Simpson*, desp'rate grown ;
 And *H-lm--s* himself, has partly made it good,
 Who, for the *Press*, ne'er fitted as he shou'd.
Heath has no need of *Helps* to take his Part,
 He, of himself, can vex the *Dunce's* Heart !
H-lm--s, have a care ! he'll break your Quarter-Staff ;
 Oh ! how the Rabble then will shout and laugh !
 He'll thump your Fame, and knock *Thersites* down,
 That fictitious, saucy Mischief-making Clown.
 Gently my Muse, and from such Language hold,
 My Bus'ness is to Reason, not to Scold :
 Tho' *H-lm--s* in railing, spends his fruitless Spite ;
 My only Aim is Truth divinely bright.
 Goddess ! once more, assist me to rehearse,
 And with Conviction fill my trojan-Verse.
 Propitious *Reason*, lend your mighty Pow'r,
 And send down arrow'd Arguments a Show'r ;
 Thick, let them fall on *H--s's* guilty Head,
 And send him to the Regions of the Dead ;

Where,

A Battle with the Boasters.

9

Where, safely landed on the *Stygian Shore*,
He then, on Earth, can hate and boast no more ;
There, let him howl, and grin, and boast, and roar !

Behold——

If what was publish'd, had but been correct,
Need *S-m-n* care, or *H-lm-s* who will inspect ?
No——

If what is *done* be perfect and intire,
The more we gaze, the more we must admire !
If want of Skill, to censure Worth, declare,
Truth, in her brighter Glories will appear.
And, who Inspection proudly shall refuse,
His Guilt suspected, Scholars will accuse.

But he, who raves like *H-lm-s* in his Defence,
Convicts himself of *Fraud*, and Ignorance ;
For, Books were made to read of Men and Arts,
And judging thence, we learn the Man of Parts :
Without a *Censor*, Merit can't be known ;
Then, criticising is an Honour done.

Without a *Proof*, the *Sage* and *Dunce*, the same ;
Imperial *Judgment* tries 'twixt Fame and Fame.
Remove, from hence, this arbitrarive Rule,
We can't discern the wise Man from the Fool ;
Nor can our Praises, or our Speech bestow,
In just Proportion, as we ought to do.

He, who is wise, won't fear to be disclos'd ;
But publick Fools deserve to be expos'd.
Besides, a Book, that's publish'd to the Light,
No more's the Author's, 'tis the Buyer's Right:
Then, mayn't I praise, condemn, correct, despise
What is my own ? Destroy, or advertise ?

Expose, defend, confound, burn, or upbraid,
The very Thing, I bought, for which I paid ?
Yes, angry *H-lm-s*, and *S-mp-n* too, I will,
And laugh and shake, 'till I have had my fill :
When all is done, Truth is the same Truth, still.

Homer and *Virgil* wou'd at Critics laugh ;
But wiser *H-lm-s* is all for *Quarter-Staff*.
S-mp-n's Books too, won't sell, ah ! sad Disgrace !
He throws his dirty Vengeance at my Face.
The little Dragon spits his Fire about !
This is the *Temple-Saint*, the pure Devout.

B

Now,

Now, to my Theme and *H-lm-s*, I do return,
 To lay his Grammar gently in it's Urn ;
 And next the boasting Author, in his Turn.
 'Tis not ungenerous, or *unchristian*,
 To seize, and punish Falshood where we can ;
 But, this Complaint *H-lm-s* sends up to the Skies,
 And loud, for Pity on a Sinner cries !
 His Faults confess'd, and how he has deceiv'd,
 Yet, too, wou'd have his Innocence believ'd.
The Errors of the Press he calls upon ;
 But no Excuse for's not attending on.
 The Architect, who undertakes to rear
 A noble Dome, inspects his Workmen there ;
 For shou'd the Columns, and the Arches rise
 In strange Disorder to the vaulted Skies,
 The Dome wou'd shake beneath it's tow'ring Height,
 And rumbling Ruin, crush beneath its Weight ;
 And, justly, wou'd be buried in the Fall,
 The Man whose Negligence occasion'd all :
 Or ign'rant, scarce an *Order* knew at all.
 A private House, ill-rais'd, gives small Offence ;
 But *Publick Structures* are of Consequence.
 Your *Kick-'em-Jennys*, or a bawdry Play,
 Are quickly built, or safely turn'd away ;
 The Product of an Hour or two each Day :
 But Domes of Grace, and Grammars Labour cost,
Tears and Experience, and of *Care* the most.
 Not ev'ry *Grecian*, who can rear a Child,
 Can justly be, a *Grammar-Builder* stil'd ;
 Nor he who's vers'd in many a *Grammar-Rule*,
 Is fit to reign the *Sov'reign* of a School.
 Good Nature, Conduct, and a sober Mind,
 Should be to Sense, and solid Learning join'd.
 These Virtues all unite, and many more,
 In the judicious learned *Bullimore* ;
 Whose just Example *Thraso* ought to chuse ;
 But much I fear he can't his Precepts use.
 His Pride, I've heard, is greater than his Care ;
 And he not quite so Virtuous, as *Severe* :
 What most concerns me ! he pretends to teach,
 Some Parts of Learning, much above his Reach.

A Battle with the Boasters.

11

Deceiving *Youth* ! there is no greater Crime !
'Tis spoiling Minds, destroying hopeful Time,
Defrauding Reason, Genius, in their Prime.
Thus, some QUACK-VILLAIN, Patients takes in Hand,
And maims or murders all in his Command.
But who is HE, for Crimes of going to Church,
Sound Bottoms swings, with fanatic-Birch ?
Once, shew'd no Mercy to 'Squire *Paston's* Son,
And beats and starves, when *Dice* against him run ?

And, now, the Author much expos'd and blown,
Respect insists on where his Name is known ;
Tho' he's the Jest of Clergy, 'Squire and Clown.
His Boys, enrag'd, now find his Want of Thought,
And by Advice will scourge him as they ought.

But, now, methinks, strange sounds of Din I hear,
Hark ! how the Shouts come loudly bellowing near ;
H--lm--s and his boasting Host, in Arms appear.

See *H--lm--s*, before, come riding on an Ass,
And Crouds of Mob attending, as they pass.
Now, in a Cloud, I'm out of Sight convey'd,
Secure from Danger, by *Minerva's* Aid ;
Their Deeds I saw, and heard whate'er they said.

Thraso, presumptuous, shone above the rest,
And swaggering swell'd, in *Norwich-Sattin* dress !
With Flow'rs o'er-spreading a fine fashion'd Vest ;
His *Quarter-Staff*, in his uplifted Hand,
The Dread of Boys, behold a pliant Wand.

That which was destin'd, once, to crack a Crown ;
But now ordain'd to thump and knock Folks down.
Three Peacocks Plumes kept nodding o'er his Head,
Fix'd to his *Scollop'd Cap* of Paper made ;
To shew that he could write, as well as read.
A *Birchin-Rod*, the *Scepter* of his Pride,
T' affright and sway, was buckl'd to his Side.
Thrasonian Heroes, next, advance along,
To grace the Show, and glad the threat'ning Throng.
Their Arms were Scandal, Impudence and Dirt,
And such as may do Reputation Hurt.

The Savage Dunces flock with grim Applause,
And draw their poison'd Arrows in their Cause.
The *Gelder's-Horn* awakes them with Alarms !
And swells their Pride with glory-boasting Charms ;

All sound at once, the Fife, and twang of Brass,
 The *Leathern-Drum* to make the hollow Bass ;
 But, above all, the Braying of the As. }
 High o'er their Heads, their boasting Colours flew,
 And *E-gl-d* walk'd as *Whiffler* to the Crew.
 Pourtray'd aloft, a Monkey was display'd,
 Quite full as large as him that bore it, made.
 Owls perch'd above, kept flapping with the Wind,
 Below were *Serpents* hissing, near the End ;
 And here, and there, decipher'd up and down,
 A *Bat* was flying, or a *Toad* was blown.
 Now, *Thraso* would have *Balaam* curvet fain,
 Twice he refus'd, for which he smote him twain ;
 With Speeches vain, he strove to make him bound,
 But stumbling *Balaam* brought him to the Ground.
 A dire Prefage ! of what was still to come,
 Their Hero fall'n, all halt and all are dumb.
 Thus, some *Jack-Pudding* vaunting at a Fair,
 With Broom on Shoulder, and pedantic Air ;
 By's Brother As borne up, above the Rest,
 Where motley Sights enhance the Coxcomb-Jest ;
 While Sharms and Salt-Box, and strange Din confound,
 And Ostentation fills the Air with Sound ;
 The lifted *Boaster* swagg'ring as he rides,
 And still to be unparallel'd he prides ;
 His Bearer trips, he falls and breaks his Face,
 And for a while the Noise and Boasting cease.
Thraso recover'd ; but oppress'd with Cares,
 Address his Host, and thus himself declares ;
 Our Business is to do whate'er we can,
 To wound, to punish, and destroy the Man !
 Try all your Arts, my Heroes, on the Plain,
 Of Ignorance, defy, belie, be vain ;
 Be in your Exercises all expert,
 But most of all in that of throwing Dirt ;
 Our *Empire* let's defend, at any Rate,
 Which much has suffer'd by the *Trojan* State :
 That bold Usurper, who in Science roves,
 And to be busy in Improvement loves ;
 Arm'd with the Truth ! by Ignorance must fall ;
 Or else in Time he'll over-run us all :

His Thirst of Knowledge has reduc'd our Bounds,
 Fetter'd out Freedom, and our neighb'ring Towns;
 Our Hopes of Trade, in *Censure*, has beguil'd,
 And all our Glory, and our Boasting spoil'd:
 He said, and twirl'd his Wand, aloft, in Air;
 Applause ensu'd, all loud, approve the War.
 The *Sattin-Hero*, now began to blaze,
 He vaunts on Foot (his Bearer turn'd to graze)
 Th' attending Mob beheld him with Amaze.
 He moves along, before his following Train,
 Advancing farther on the foggy Plain.
 Short on his Heel he turns, and loudly cries,
 (Drawing his Rod) my Boys to Exercise!
 White Paper, now, they fix aloft in Air,
 The Emblem of a lifted Character;
 At this, by Turns, their Dirt and Fury fly,
 And all to stain, and wound, and tear it try.
S--mp--n, the readiest of the dirty Crew,
 With Eyes uplifted, first, a Handful threw;
 It scatter'd well, but did not pierce it thro'.
Monoculus, next, a *Gallimaufry* sent,
 And *Smithfield Heroes* all their * *Cow-t--d* lent;
 But, unsuccessful, those Endeavours prove,
 They over-shot, and flung their Dirt above.
E-gl--d, provok'd, laid his Fool's Colours down,
 And he must needs the Pow'r of Dirt make known:
 He upwards aims; but being weak and small,
 The half thrown Dirt, full on himself does fall.
 Mean Time, the Paper from its Frame divides,
 And left the *Nails*, which pierc'd it thro' its Sides;
 Borne upwards by the Winds, it mocks their Sport;
 And now, deceiv'd, they blame each other for't.
 At this, their Bows, the Savage-*Dunces* bend,
 And high-above, a Flight of Arrows send;
 In hopes that one might like || *Eurytion* prove,
 When with his Bow he render'd back the Dove:
 But mist their Aim, yet not in vain their Pow'r,
 The *Boasters* feel them falling in a Show'r!

* At the Red Cow in Smithfield meet these heroic Dunces every Wednesday Evening.

|| A famous Archer in Virgil's 5th *Aeneid*.

For

For those who, blindly, others wou'd defend,
 Expose to Shame, and hurt them in the End.
Thraso, discourag'd at the ill Success,
 Corrects his *Heroes*, and cou'd do no less;
 Is this, says he, the best you all can do?
 I'm like to conquer, if ye thus pursue!
 If ye can't spoil a Character by force,
 How will you slay *Misanthropus* of course?
 Betwixt each Speech, he shook an awful Nod,
 And witness'd his Displeasure with his Rod.
 His *Quarter-Staff* he takes in t'other Hand,
 Come, come my Lads, says he, obey Command;
 Praise be his due, that Man shall have a Prize
 Who well invents, and most the Truth belies.
E-gt-nd alledg'd, that *Times-of-old* were young,
 And that true Nonsense, all from *S-mp-n* sprung.
S-mp-n, that Eyes cou'dn't see, and further said,
 That he was not at all of *Heath* afraid.
Monoculus, that Madness was but Wit,
 And docking *Common-Sense*, improving it;
Locke's is a tiresome over-loaden Page;
 And none like *Cave*, his *Master*, charms the Age.
 Besides all these — much in Defence,
 Was offer'd in the Cause of Ignorance;
 Lies of all Shapes came tumbling from the Throng,
 Some newly cast, and others big with Young.
 Their Merits equal, *Thraso* gives a Clap,
 Each had his Praise, and each a fine Fool's Cap;
 They put them on, in Honour of their King,
 Long live! great *Thraso*, all their Voices ring.
 The Arts of Grinning, next succeed in Place,
 Each strove to make an Ugly frightful Face;
S-mp-n here all excell'd; first he would sneer,
 Then wring his Jaws, and grin from Ear to Ear!
 Now, to defy the Truth it comes in Course,
 All said it bore with Impudence no Force;
 And as their Pow'r in Ignorance was known,
 They'd blind by Impudence, or run it down.
Thraso Applause bestows, then thus he spoke,
 Receive my *Heroes*, for your Pains * *this Book*;

* Defence of *H-lnes's Grammar*.

Prepare to give Truth Battle in the Morn,
Soon, as you hear th' enlivening *Gelder's Horn* ;
Success attend your Arms — loud Shouts ensue !
He to his *Tent*, and next him all withdrew.

LONG, in Truth's Cause, I have been put in Trust,
And to defend her glorious Empire must ;
Large Troops of Arguments, I do command,
To guard the Coast of Art and Science Land ;
A pleasant Country, stretching far away,
Wash'd by the Waves of Emulation's Sea ;
Lock'd by the Land of Ignorance and Pride,
Where *Dunces*, *Pedants*, *Fools* and *Fops* reside.
Pallas, above, had learn'd me what to do,
And now, together, I my Forces drew ;
Phæbus, was just ascended from the Seas,
And o'er the Hills had darted forth his Rays ;
Just fill'd the promis'd Morning with fresh Light,
And drawn aside the Curtain of the Night ;
When I beheld *Thraso*, and all his Host,
Advancing tow'rs the Scientific-Coast ;
I hid my Troops, nor let them yet appear,
'Till *Thraso*, on the Land of Truth, drew near ;
Now, boldly, all the steepy Banks ascend,
Which part the *Stupid* from the *Thinking-Land* :
Entering, they boast, abuse, degrade, annoy,
Tear Reason up, and growing Arts destroy !
Kill as they go, all Judgment, Wit, and Sense ;
By th' Pow'r of *Dulness*, and of Impudence.
Thraso pursuing, as he thought, to Death,
Truth, and her known Defender *Trojan-Heath* ;
When, strait such potent Arguments arise,
As him, and all his vaunting Host surprize !
Thicker ! and Thicker yet ! in Ranks they stand !
And for the Battle, wait but the Command.
FAME's Trumpet, loud, proclaims the fatal Charge !
And now was urg'd the Cause of Truth at large.
Each Argument unsheath'd Truth's *flaming-Sword* !
All rush impetuous, at the hostile Word.
Now, in Truth's Armour clad, they me espy,
Against me, swift, their Dirt and Fury fly ;
But all in vain ; invulnerable, I.
By *Pallas*' Arts, I led my Forces on,
Nor wou'd, in single Combat, *Thraso* shun ;

Each

16 *Scraps of Latin and English Verse, &c.*

Each Argument, now fiercely does engage !
 And cut and wound with Truth's dividing *Edge* !
 They sneer, make Faces, grin with Mouths awry,
 In hopes t' affright, look ugly, threat'n, belie ;
 But charging home ! they shrink, they run, they flie. }
 Now routed all and drove from off the Plain,
 Of *Science*, to the Ign'rant Land again ;
 We still pursue, nor give them Time to pray,
 But force 'em flying into th' ignorant Sea :
 There from *Dunce Cliff*, they all fall Head-long down,
H-lm--s and his *Host*, to sink or swim, or drown.



*A Translation and Paraphrase of some SCRAPS
 of Latin and English Verse ; found in the
 Time of the late Wars, on the Coast of Igno-
 rance, supposed to be Stolen to serve a Turn
 withal.*

Pag. 4. — Desævit in omnes
 Dum se posse putat, nec *Bellua* sævior ulla est.

Translation.

*Of all the savage Dunces of our Isle,
 None is more brutish, in a monstrous Stile !
 Than H--lm--s, who blames those Faults, where he's
 most vile !*

P. 5. Hoc scio pro certo, quod si cum Stercore certo,
 Vinco seu vincor, semper Ego maculor.
*For certain this I know, if I contend,
 H--LM--S well stirr'd up, will sink before I end.*

P. 7. ——— interritus egi
 Quam mihi mandarat communis *Græcia* causam.

The

The old Translation.

Undaunted at their Boasts, I urg'd at large,
The common Cause of Greece I had in Charge.

Paraph. Boo! cried the D--l to the Dead Pig.

Undaunted at your Threats, I gave you Charge,
Nor fear'd to Boo! and Boo, and Boo, at large!

P. 8. Asses and Owls, unseen, themselves betray;
When these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.

Paraphrase.

Dunces and Fools call Asses Owls, O brave!

Ass calls Fool Dunce; Owls, Dunces Fools will have.

Or,

Dunces and Fools discover what they are,
When these discourse, or those in Print appear.

Or,

Dunces and Fools, in Print themselves expose,
When these attempt to Rhime, or Reason those.

Same Page ——— nec Lex est justior ulla
Quam Necis Artifices Arte perire sua.

Translation.

H--s ought to fall, for leading Youth astray,
By Eooks, nor can there be a juster Way.

P. 11. Quid dignum tanto ferat hic promissor Hiatus?
Parturiunt Montes! Nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Old Translation.

In what will all this Ostentation end?

The Lab'ring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse!

Paraph. It H--s's Ruin surely does portend

For all his Lab'rings scarce are worth a Louse.

P. 13. Haud contentus eâ petii Tentoria Rhefi;
Inque suis Ipsum Castris Comitesque peremi.

Old Translation.

But not content with that, I forward roam ;
 Surpriz'd the *Gerund-Grinder* at his Loom,
 Pronounc'd his and his Advertisement's Doom. }

Paraphrase.

But not content with Boasting, on you roam
 And find the *M A N*, who sentences your Doom.
 Same page.

For should we let you go, your forfeit Life,
 You'd risk again, to stir Pedantic Strife :
 Again our Open Camps you'd fly explore,
 No, Coward ! take thy Fate ! and skulk no more.

Paraphrase.

For should I spare you, once within a Tear,
 You'd stir more Nonsense into Print I fear ;
 Against our wills, you'd plague us o'er and o'er ;
 No, Scribler ! take thy Fate, and write no more.

P. 15. Your Servant Mr. B. L—what ! Mr. B. L—
 so very ignorant as not to know the *Idioms* of
 either of the learned Languages and yet set up
 for a Teacher of 'em ; yea, and a Critick too !
 prodigious Effrontery ! your Loom, *Rhesus*, was
 certainly out of Order.

Paraphrase.

Your Servant Mr. Nobody ; what ! Mr. Nobody
 so ignorant, as not to know that Mr. Somebody is
 his Master ! and yet pretend to be a Wit ; yea,
 and Trader in Buffoonery too ! prodigious Puf-
 fing ! Your Head, *Thraso*, is certainly out of
 Order.

P. 17. *Ultra progrediens, Phrygiâ de Gente Dolona
 Interimo ; non ante tamen, quam cuncta coegi
 Prodere, & edidici, quid perfida Troja pararet.*

Old

Old Translation.

Then I the *Greekish* Trojan Curate too,
Not 'till I had explor'd his Bosom, slew,
And learn'd whate'er the treacherous Foes
could do.

Paraphrase.

Then I the Sand from off the Table blew,
And all the Dust from off the Paper too;
Not till I had consider'd what to do.

P. 17. Think not, fly *Dolon*, you'll escape me now.

Paraph. Think not, Impostor, you can cheat me now.

P. 18. Te! quem Propositi nondum pudet atque
eadem est Mens,

Ut bona summa putes, alienâ vivere quadrâ.

Old Translation.

Thee! who still sham'st not meanly to attend,
And on another's Trencher to depend.

Paraphrase.

Thee! who still sham'st not vainly to offend,
Tho' you on Boys, and Charity depend.

P. 21. But Puppies that adore the Dark,
Against bright *Cynthia* howl and bark.

Paraphrase.

And Dunces shooting in the dark,
Do oft'ner miss than hit the mark.

P. 23. And still the more you strive t' appear,
You're found to be the wretcheder.

Paraphrase.

And still the more you strive t' appear,
The more you stink; the more you stir.

P. 24. Then thus pale *Dolon* with a fearful Look,
(Still as he spoke, his Limbs with Horror shook)

20 *Scraps of Latin and English Verse, &c.*

" All this I've done, by *Hector's* Words deceiv'd;
 " Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
 " No less a Bribe than great *Achilles' Car*,
 " And those swift Steeds that sweep the Ranks
 of War.

Bold was thy Aim, and glorious was the Prize,
Ulysses, with a scornful Smile replies.
 Far other Rulers those proud Steeds demand,
 And scorn the Guidance of a vulgar Hand.
 Sternly he spoke, and as the Wretch prepar'd,
 With humble Blandishment to stroke his Beard,
 Like Lightning swift the wrathful Falchion flew,
 Divides the Neck, and cuts the Slave in two.

Paraphrase 1st.

Then thus poor *Thraso*, with a guilty Look,
 (Still as he spoke kept trembling for his Book)
 All this I writ, by Impudence deceiv'd;
 It promi'd much, and I as much believ'd:
 But, now, my Doom, I can behold from far,
 By H--th's swift Pen, which forms the Ranks of War.

2d. Just was the Cause, against a pack of Lies,
 Which Men of Sense, and Honesty despise;
 Who will but read, may quickly understand;
 And learn to scorn the Thing! H--lm--s took in hand

3d. Justly he spoke, and as the Fool prepar'd
 With humble Suit, and Cringes to be heard;
 Swift from its Case, the pointed Weapon drew,
 The Pen; -- and pierc'd the Coxcomb thro' and thro'; }
 And so to H--s adieu! adieu! adieu!

P. 25. Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne.
 reponam — Vexatus toties. —

Old Translation.

Still shall I hear, and never quit the score,
 Stun'd with thy stupid Bombast o'er and o'er?

Para-

Paraphrase.

*Still do you dare to plague us more and more?
And act your Part of Nonsense, o'er and o'er?*

Same Page.

Has *Dolon's* Ghost the Front to teaze us too?

Paraphrase.

Has H--s the Impudence to face us too?

P. 26. Such labour'd Nothings, in so strange a Stile,
Amaze th' Unlearn'd, and make the Learned smile.

Paraphrase.

*Such empty Scriblers, who do Books compile,
Amaze th' Illit'rate, and the Lit'rate spoil.*



A LETTER to Mr. R. Heath.

SIR,

Observing your Name and Character to be very scurvily us'd in a Pamphlet, entitled, *Patroclus's* Defence of Mr. *Holmes's* Greek Grammar, I was induc'd to bestow an Hour or two's Attention upon it; the Result of which is what follows.

This Pamphlet, I believe, is one of the most extraordinary Performances that has appear'd in his present Majesty's Reign, whether we consider the Justness of the Language, Propriety of Diction, the beautiful Turns of Wit, the Elegance of its Satire, and above all, the Politeness with which the Author treats his Opponents; in any, or all these Respects, I have not met with any modern Production that will bear a Competition with that now under Consideration. But least some should suppose, that I, out of Friendship to the Author, or some

some other sinister Views, exaggerate the Truth, and affirm more than I can prove, I must beg the Reader's Attention to a few Observations, from which it will appear as manifest as the Sun at Noon-day, that, with respect to this Author — *None but himself can be his Parallel.*

The first Thing to be admir'd in this little Pamphlet, is, the Ingenuity of the Author in contriving the Machinery of this elaborate Piece. *Homer*, to add a Grandeur to his Poem, makes all the Gods and Goddeses in the *Ethnic Pantheon*, Parties on the one Side or the other, of the Combatants. *Virgil* does the same; and *Milton*, with the same View, and, in my Opinion, with a finer Address, introduces all the Powers of Heaven and Hell, contributing, each of them in admirable Order, to the Managery and Conduct of the main Plot of the Poem.

“ Three Poets, in three distant Ages born;

“ *Greece, Italy, and England* did adorn.

“ The First in Loftiness of Thought surpass'd,

“ In Majesty the Second, and in Both the last.

“ The Force of Nature cou'd no further go;

“ To make the Third, she join'd the former Two.

But our Author, with Amazement I speak it, in the Compass of a Sheet and a Half printed paper, the Design of which is only to correct a few *Errata* in a *Greek Grammar*, and answer some trifling Cavils made to it, brings on the Stage some of the most famous *Grecian Heroes*, to rhodomontade it most *thraasonically* over three diminutive *Trojans*, as with a wonderful Display of Wit and polite Satire, he is pleas'd to represent them. So that *Britain* has the Honour of adding a fourth Star to the Constellation of surprizing Geniuses.

To these three Worthies *Britain* adds a Fourth,
Great in his own opinionated Worth;

H—, the bright Rival of this triple Band,

And boasted Lord of all *thrasonian Land*. But

But the Praise of this Gentleman must not be stinted ; for he is not only Master of a fertile Invention and Contrivance for laying and managing his Plot and Fable, but he is likewise a most extraordinary *Grammarian*, and consequently *Rhetorician* ; for these are Sister Arts, and mutually dependant on each other. But perhaps the Reader will scarce believe that a little petty Pedagogue, who struts about like a Cock on a Dunghill, on a Spot of Earth, in a Bye Corner of *Norfolk*, should presume to vaunt that he has wrote the most perfect *Greek Grammar* that ever was, is, or will be ; or, as he more emphatically expresses it in his Apology, *That this Greek Grammar is every way better than any, and more comprehensive than all*. This is not only an Instance of the Author's most wonderful Erudition, but of his unexampled Modesty. It may yet be objected, that an Author may say, and think all this of himself, and yet not a Tittle of it true. Let me see, says the learned Critick, a Specimen of his Style and Language in his own Mother Tongue ; for if he is not Master of this, how can he be sufficiently skill'd in forming Rules for a Language he got by Art, and only retains by Memory ? Well then, that nothing may be left unsaid that serves to elucidate the just Encomiums due to our Author, and shew that he is not only Master of *Grammar* in the *Theory*, but in the *Practic* too, read the following Paragraph in the *Apology*, written by his supposed Friend, *Patroclus, alias*, himself. Speaking of the ungenerous Treatment his Friend had met with, against which he had opposed nothing but Bearing and Forbearing ; he adds, *Nor did I for my Friend, till at length forced by their repeated Insults*, being brought to that Height, that, *Ubi velis*, &c. In this Sentence, no doubt, is latent some pithy Meaning, and the words, we must believe, are ranged in exact *Grammatical Order* ; but
the

the Adroitness of the Author consists in concealing his Sense in Words without Meaning, and writing in a Style which Nobody understands but himself.

Having consider'd the Excellence of this Writer, as a *Grammarian*, let us next contemplate the Justness and Elegance of his Style and Language. And here opens a large Field for Observation. There's scarce a Period in the whole Piece but affords a Specimen of his Abilities in this Respect. But I shall only give you a Taste, by which you may judge of the Goodness of the whole Dessert. The second Paragraph in the *Dedication* begins thus: "The Author of the *Grammar* is well known, and "respected where-ever he is known; and yet has "suffer'd his Name and Work to be thus traduced "for above these *eighteen* Months past, by these "despicable Wretches, in all Companies, where- "ever they could get footing." The first Thing that takes the Eye, in this Sentence, is the remarkable *Modesty* of the Author, in silently suffering his Name and Work to be traduced for *eighteen* Months successively. Could any Man, who had not the most absolute Command of his Passions, have endur'd such Usage so long, without asserting his Innocence, and vindicating his Character from the *scurrilous* Compositions of this triple *Mischief-meditating Band*, as he wittily stiles his three Adversaries? When I read the infinite Litigations of the Learned, in Vindication of their Works, which they will not have lessen'd in the minutest Particular, I am more and more astonish'd at the Humility and Resignation of this Author, (who seems as ambitious as the best of them of writing for Eternity,) in suffering his Work to be traduced, without a Word in his own Defence. It's well if his *modest Conduct* don't lay him open to the Rebuke of some ill-natur'd Critick, who may say, that if his Book was to be vindicated, he would

would certainly have done it, and have play'd off all his Artillery in demolishing the Batteries of his confederate Antagonists.

Another Beauty that shines in this Sentence, is the Connection of the Sense. In the first Part he says, *The Author of the Grammar is well known, and respected where-ever he is known; and yet has been traduced in all Companies where-ever these Wretches could get Footing.* I pass by the elegant Expression of *getting Footing in a Company*; and only observe how admirably the latter part of this Period, is illustrated by the former, and *vice versa*. It perhaps would puzzle a common Understanding to conceive, how a Man can be traduc'd for *eighteen Months* together in all Companies, and yet be respected every-where and by all that know him, at the same Time. But it's the peculiar Happiness of this Author to be inimitable in all he does.

I have had Occasion already to speak in Commendation of this Gentleman's Modesty; but as this is one of the most amiable Qualities in Mankind, the Reader will, surely, pardon me for giving another Instance of this agreeable Disposition in our Author. Mr. *Addison*, was really esteem'd one of the most *modest*, as well as the most *ingenious* and *learned* Men of his Age. But what of that? may not Mr. *Holmes*, be as *modest*, as *learned*, and *ingenious* as he? Yes, why not? And if they are both upon a Level in Character and Reputation, why should not Mr. *Holmes* treat his little barking Adversaries as Mr. *Addison* did his? He may, and accordingly does use them in the same Manner, and quotes him for his Precedent.

I could branch out my Panegyrick on this Gentleman into numberless Particulars, but shall avoid Prolixity, and only mention one more Accomplishment, which I dare say, has made him admired by

as many as have been Readers of *Patroclus's Defence*; I mean his surprizing Skill in *Rhetorick*. How happily does he string his Adverbs! where he says, P. 4. l. 11. in *Defence of my over and over undeservedly abused Friend*. But when he attempts the Satyrical Vein, what a Flood of pure, unmixed Gall flows from his angry Pen! How elegantly, how politely, how effectually does he expose his contemptible Adversaries! Take a Sample or two. *DOLON* is a swelling, prattling, empty, silly, Pedant, noted for nothing more than a dull incoherent, Fifth of November Speech, tantum non, hiss'd out of the Schools of Cambridge &c. *RHESSUS* is a pedantic, sly, skulking, conceited, stuttering, half-bred *TROJAN*, late a Journeyman Weaver, now a Circumforaneous Gerund-Grinder, &c.

But the finest Flowers of his *Rhetorick* are still behind: Look into P. 5. and you will see a long Paragraph inclos'd in Crotchets, containing such a Flow of *Rhetorical* Expressions, as I am persuaded he cou'd no where imbibe, but at one or both of those inexhaustible Fountains of Oratory, *Billingsgate*, or *Hockley in the Hole*. Mark him; *Thersites* is now at my Tent Door, calling out, *Fill up the Blanks! Quarter-Staff and no Quarter! Thump 'em! Thump 'em! &c. &c.* Did the renowned *Cicero* express himself with greater Energy in his Orations against *Catiline*; or *Demosthenes* more vehemently inveigh against *Philip*, the implacable Enemy of his Country?

I could expatiate yet farther on the inimitable Talents of this Author, did I not apprehend I should put his *Modesty* to the Blush, or make him the Object of universal Envy; neither of which would I do for the World. I shall therefore sum up his Character in this concise Encomiastic, That his Works and Actions shall speak his deserved Praise, so long as he can handle either Pen or Birch.

“Sense,

" Sense, Speech, and Measure, living Tongues
and dead,

" Let all give way — and *Holmes* may still be read.

I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

April 1, 1738.

Pædagogus Mastix.

To Mr. Robt. Heath of Foulsham in Norfolk.

Dear Sir !

IT hath been justly observ'd by an able Writer and great Wit, that Censure is a Tax that every one must pass pay for being eminent ! And those senseless Clamours of your Adversaries, with which the *Oracle* has of late abounded, have verified this to a Proverb in your own Person — But, what I am surpriz'd at, is, to find that a Gentleman of your Sense and Abilities, should enter the Lists with so obscure a Race of *Miscreants* ! Wretches, who were never heard of out of the Bills of Mortality ; and whose Names, I imagine, would never have made any Figure, but in a Session's Paper, had not you undertaken to drag them from Obscurity, and polluted your own Writings by mentioning them.

S——, according to all Accounts, is so notorious a Robber, that the most proper Person that could be employ'd to write against him, would be one who should draw the Warrant for his Execution. The other Creature (I mean *E--gl--d*) has filch'd the Sense of the following Couplet from *Ld. Buckhurst's* Verses upon *Ld. Howard*.

" I know your blund'ring way of Thinking ;

" You've an Alacrity in Sinking.

And according to the common Practice of *Thieves*, has

disguis'd it, in order to make it pass for his own.
So to compleat his Villainy, he has added Murder to
his Theft.

I am,

Your most devoted,

And most humble Servant,

MISO PLAGIARIUS.

To Mr. E—gl—d on his Poetry.

Thy Verses, like thy S--mp--n's Works, are shewn,
The best are stol'n, the worst are all thy own ;
S--mp--n's *Thin-Stuff* dilutes *Heath's* stronger Sense,
And *Buckhurst's* Aid props up thy Impotence.
Apollo, or the Muses never shed
Their kindly Influence o'er thy empty Head ;
But Goddess *Dulness* claims thee all her own,
Her ever destin'd, her acknowledg'd Son.
That thou on *Vellum* should'st employ thy Quill,
Dulness e'er meant, and Fate intended still ;
Why dost thou, then, Maternal Fondness cross,
And court the Muses, when you shou'd engross ?
Thus S--mp--n to proud Science vainly bent,
(For *Euclid* never was his Element)
From *Bosworth's* Plains a writing Insect crawls ;
And scorns his Loom, as thou thy Hackney Scrawls :
Dark of your Selves, "*unconscious of a Blaze,*"
You've yet the Knack to shine by others Rays.
Hence Fools admire, as Blockheads think the Moon
Darts her own Light, ungilded by the Sun.

M. P.

A Fable inscrib'd to Mr. Simpson.

I

Once the proud Jay, (as *Æsop* tell us)
Trimming himself with borrow'd plumes,
Scorn'd to associate with his Fellows,
But *Peacock's* Quality assumes.

Splen-

2

Splendidly gay in this Attire,
He apes the feather'd Race of Court ;
Whilst ev'ry *Owl* gaze and admire,
At what all others make their Sport.

3

But mark ! the stately Birds of *Juno*,
Uncas'd him of his Cloaths, or rather,
They all unanimous (as you know)
Resum'd their own, unto a Feather.

4

Say, *Simpson*, is not this a hard Case,
That thus, in stolen Splendor drest,
The *Thief* should thus uncase his Carcase,
And have his Roguery stand confest?

5

The Application of this Fable,
The Moral of the Story pray ?
Each Child to tell you that is able,
Heath is the *Peacock*, thou the *Jay*.

6

The *Jay*'s long variagated Train,
Gains an Admirer in each *Owl* ;
The Castings of another's Brain,
Procure the Fame from ev'ry *Fool*.

7

He, for his Pride and vain Conceit,
Deserv'd Contempt, amongst his Fellows ;
But thou, for thy Triumphant Cheat,
Deserv'st, *unlucky Bird* ! the Gallows.

MISO PLAGIARIUS.

POETICAL MISCELLANIES.

Mr. *Parkinson* to * Mr. *Tom Tell-Truth*, alias Mr. *Tom Simpson*. *A True Tale*.

YOU know, to Town, you trav'ling came, }
 In quest of Money, Friends, and Fame; }
 As yet, unus'd to Manners, Men.
 Soon where I liv'd, you found the Way,
 And there improv'd in *Algebra*;
 In *Reas'ning* and *Geom'try* too,
 And then for Fluxions-*bie-gede-boo* !
 And us'd to say my Works could prove it,
 I knew as much as Mr. *Loveit*,
 Or *H—th*, who thus with Praise you'd cram'im,
 He has by Heart all *Euclid*, d—n'im !
 I Pity took of your Condition;
 And call'd you Brother Math'matician;
 Your *Hat* you know between your *Legs*;
 Your Friend in favour of you begs :
 Where you was stil'd *outlandish Mortal*,
 And serv'd an ugly Sight, for sport, all.
 Your Friend, of the Society, }
 Assurance gave o' your *Honesty*;
 Petition'd hard, and made you free.
 And now, by Aid of whom you're shown,
 Into a World before unknown;
 Your *Talons* prun'd, and Face made white,
 And all *Sir Hocus* ! out of Sight;
 You something like a Christian seem'd;
 Nor longer are a *Pagan* deem'd.
 But just before I set this Glos-over,
 You look'd like a *beathenish Philosopher*;
 Or THAT which keeps the Corn, will scare
 The fearful Birds from coming near.

And

* See his curious Tale in the Oracle for January, 1737 8. P.
 50.

And won't you say; "I thank you Friend,
 "Who kindly did Assistance lend?
 "For, having furnish'd out my need,
 "I was enabled to proceed".
Fluxions now sown within your Brain,
 I soon produc'd the teeming Grain:
 You for the Crop took little Care,
 Yet now, you say, I have no Share;
 But what I've cheated you, you swear.
 'Tis true I plow'd and till'd the Soil,
 And us'd much Labour, Sweat, and Toil
 To quell the Weeds, and fit for Use,
 What could not of itself produce.
 Some Grain by *Vermin* were destroy'd,
 But more by pilf'ring Hands employ'd;
 'Twas but one *Ear*, that I enjoy'd.
 This I improv'd to many more,
 And hoarded my promiscuous Store.
 Against my Thrift, you bore a Spight,
 And now, grown bold, invade my Right:
 To make the Allegory plain,
 You took what not grew in your Brain.
 And tho' I brought you into Vogue;
 How gratefully you call me *R——gue*!
 But after I so kind had been,
 You fell in Love with *Madam Gin*;
 And spent on that vile *dirty Jade*,
 Reck'nings that have by me been paid.
 How often did you thus offend?
 How often did you promise to mend?
 I told you that th' inflaming *B——ch*,
 Wou'd swinge you with the *C—p* or *I——ch*!
 D'ye think it not a Thing uncommon,
 To teach *Math'matics* to'n old Woman?
 As by the *Gin-shop* passing, I,
Mathemaggots, heard th' old Dame reply;
 What is that Master, giving Dogs vomits?
 Oh! no, 'tis tracing of the *Comets*!

Go but with me and learn, you said;
 Done! cries the Dame; I'll steal your Trade.
 The next News——after this was past,
 Was of your turning Author't last;
 But didn't consult with me, first, whether
 You might, with yours, print mine together:
 With mine, and more, you've taken Leave,
 And strangely do the World deceive.
Eagland, that plumey-pretty-Fellow,
 In Fraud unripe, in Virtue, mellow!
 Transcrib'd to form, your *Pickings*, whence,
 You gape for Praise, he Praise and Pence;
 Hi Praise, and yours, are much the same,
 Such as will d——n! his, and your Name.

On Reading the *Caveat* to the *Philomaths*, in the
Oracle for Jan. 1738.

O ponder well, be not severe!

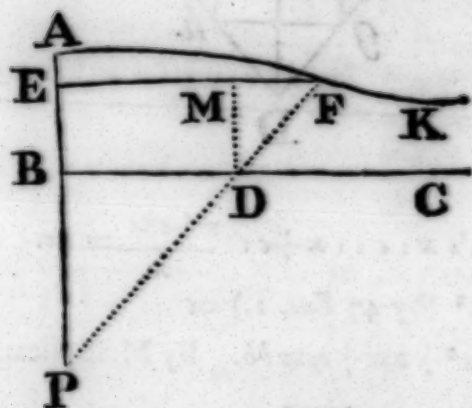
1
YE learned all, both great and small,
 Such as can read and write;
 When down you sit, read *Eagland's* Wit,
 'Twill make you better f——te.

2
 His *Song*, you'll find, is well design'd,
 And serves for Use complete;
 His Rhimes will set your Teeth an Edge!
 When you've a mind to eat.

3
 His Numbers flow, like Billows flow,
 His Diction, *Saw* and *File*;
 His Stile a *Hog*, or *Howling-Dog*!
 Which you may hear a Mile.

4
 Those, who, in balmy soft Repose,
 Wou'd lull, or fain be blest!
 Lend both your Ears, you'll hear the Spheres
 Of Music play to Rest.

Prize Question, in the Ladies Diary for the Year 1738, answer'd.



Let $FD=BA=a=16$ Inches (The Nature of this Curve AFK being such, that any Line, drawn from the Pole, as at P, cutting the Asymptote BC, to meet it; the Distance between the Asymptote and the Curve, taken on that Line, will be always equal to the Distance from that Point (A) where the Curve first begins to generate, and the Asymptote at (B).) $BP=b=24$ Inches; and let $x=BE=DM$ $y=EF$ now \triangle 's PEF and DMF being similar,

Say $DM(x) : MF(\sqrt{aa-xx}) :: PE(b+x) : EF(y)$
 $= \frac{b+x}{x} \sqrt{aa-xx}$, whose Fluxion is $y = \frac{x^3x+a^2bx}{x^2\sqrt{aa-xx}}$; whose Fluxion (or Second Fluxion of the former) is

$\ddot{y} = \frac{2a^2b-a^2x^2-3a^2bx^2\dot{x}}{a^2x^2-x^2\sqrt{aa-xx}} = 0$; where \dot{x} is made invariable in the preceding Expression.

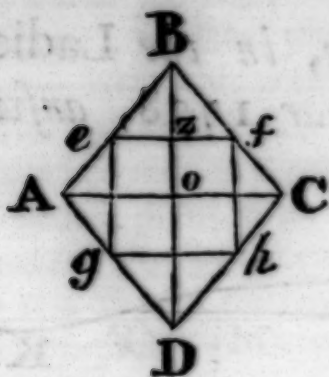
By Reduction, $x^3+3bx^2-2a^2b=0$. In Numbers, $x^3-72x-12288=0$. Solv'd $x=12.088$, &c. the Distance of the Point of Inflection (F) from the Asymptote (BC) required.

Question I. answer'd, according to Mr. Bryant's Method.

In the annex'd Scheme, let $b=AB=BC=CD=DA=8.75$ Chains; $2c=ef=fb=bg=gc=6$ Chains; then it is evident $en=ef=3$ Chains $=c$; Let $Bx=x$?

E

Say,



Say by similar Δ 's $x : c :: x + c : \frac{x + cxc}{x} = Ao$. But
 $\overline{AO}^2 + \overline{OB}^2 = \overline{AB}^2$ (by 47 *Euc.* 1.) or
 $\frac{x^2 + 2xc + cc \times cc}{xx} + x^2 + 2xc + cc = bb$. By Multiplication and Con-
traction $\overline{xx + cc}^2 + 2xc \times xx + cc = b^2 x^2$, by completing the
Square and extracting the Root, $xx + cc + xc = x \sqrt{b^2 + c^2} = 9.25x$;
Whence this last Equation will become $xx - 6.25x = -cc$. Now,
by completing the \square and extracting the Root, again;
 $x = \pm \sqrt{9765625 - cc} : + 3125 = 4$; or 2.25 (according to the
Ambiguity of the Question) whence the Area of the Rhombus or
Garden ABCDA = 73.5 Chains, as shewn in the *Oracle* for Ja-
nuary 1737-8. Q. E. F.

Quest. II. answered, see the *Oracle* for February, which is a ge-
neral Method for solving all Questions of that Kind; if the \angle 's
given be all above 90° . N.B. $CD = 40^\circ : 58'$ whole Comp. is
 $49^\circ : 2'$, the Reader of the *Oracle* is desir'd to correct
the Numbers there printed; putting these instead. He is also de-
sired to correct with his Pen -8, in the Algebraic Equation p. 63,
and make it +8, which answers true to the Solution.

Quest. VI. answer'd.

Let $b = 25\frac{1}{7}\frac{1}{9} = 25.2935228$ Gallons of Rum left remaining
in the Cask.

q = the Quantity of Liquor drawn off, at each Time.

$n = 4$ the Number of Times the drawing off was repeated; and

Let x = the Quantity of Neat Rum, at first in the Cask.

Then

Then by Proportion, it will be

As $x : x - q :: x - q : \frac{x - q}{x} =$ the Rum left in the Cask at the (second drawing off.

$x : \frac{x - q}{x} :: x - q : \frac{x - q}{x^2} =$ the Rum left in the Cask at (the third drawing off.

$x : \frac{x - q}{x^2} :: x - q : \frac{x - q}{x^3} =$ the Rum left in the Cask at (the fourth or last drawing off.

Whence it is evident that the Quantity of Neat Liquor left in the Cask at any Time of Drawing off is *universally* $= x - q$ rais'd to the Power of the Times of drawing off, divided by x

rais'd to the same Power lessen'd by Unity, $\frac{x - q^n}{x^{n-1}}$ Ergo,

$\frac{x - q^n}{x^{n-1}} = b$. Reduc'd $x - q = b \cdot x^{n-1}$. In Numbers

$$x - 41 = 2.2426 x^{71}.$$

Solv'd $x = 124.671$, &c. Note, $x^{71} = x^{\frac{3}{2}}$.

Now, the Quantity of neat Liquor drawn off with each Quantity of the Mixture at any Time will be found by subtracting each Quantity of neat Liquor left in the Cask, at any Time of drawing off; from the Quantity left, each preceding Time. Thus,

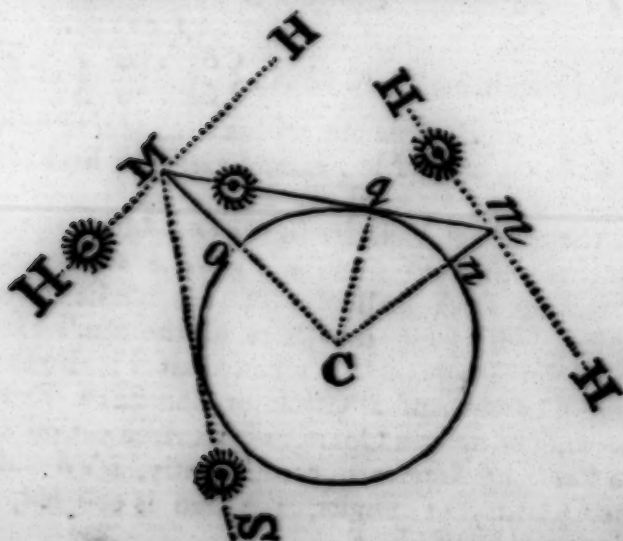
Gal. Rum.

There will	83.671	First	} Time of drawing off.
be left in the	56.154	Second	
Cask.	37.687	Third	
	25.293	Fourth	
Consequent-	41	First	} Time.
ly, there will	27.516	Second	
be neat Rum	18.467	Third	
drawn off.	12.394	Fourth	
Left at last	25.293	added	

Gallons in all 124.67.

Q. E. F.

Quest. IV. Ladies Diary answer'd.



Let r = Earth's Rad. = $Ce = Cq = Cn$ = 6980000 Yard.
 d = Diff. of the Mountain's Height = 119 Yards.
 x = Height of the lowest Mountain and Earth's Rad. = Cm ?

Then $\sqrt{xx - rr} = qm$, by 47 E. 1.

Again, $\sqrt{xx + 2xd + dd - rr} = Mq$; But $Mq + qm = 93$ Miles = 110880 Yards = b . Consequently $\sqrt{xx - rr} = b - qm$

$$\sqrt{xx + 2xd + dd - rr} = b - qm \quad \text{Reduc'd, } x^2 + dx = \frac{b^2 - d^2}{4} + \frac{b^2 - d^2}{b^2 - d^2}$$

In Numbers $x^2 + 119x = 48723529707626.7$, &c. Solv'd
 $x = 6980164.68$, &c. Yards. Consequently, the Height of the
 lowest Mountain = 164.68, &c. Yards, that of the highest
 = 283.68 Yards, &c.

The Time when the Sun first begins to shine upon the Top of the highest Mountain [M] is when he cuts the *Tangent* to the Earth's Surface [SM] below the *Horizon* [HMH] the $\angle HMS = \angle HMs$ [found by Trigon.] = $31'$; also, he first begins to shine on the Top of the lowest Mountain (m) when he cuts the *Tangent* (Mm) below the *Horizon* [HmH] the $\angle MmH = 23'$. Now, if the Sun's \angle of *Refraction* be allow'd for, at or near the *Horizon*, = $33'$, the $\angle HMS$ will = $1^\circ : 4'$; and $\angle HmM = 00^\circ : 56'$; which the Sun is below the *Horizon* of each Mountain, when he first shines on their Tops. Now the *Latitude* of each Place, *Sun's Declination*, and *Distance* from the *Zenith* being given, there is given the Sides of two Spherical Δ 's; in each the *Distance* from the *Zenith* to the *Pole*, from the *Pole* to the *Sun*, and from the *Zenith* to the *Sun*, to find the Angle at the *Pole*? Which will be the Number of Degrees on the *Equinoctial*, intercepted betwixt the *Sun* and the *Meridian*; which converted into Hours, &c. will shew the *Distance* from 12 o'Clock, respectively, when the Sun first begins to shine on the Mountain's Tops, and will be found, accurately,

At $\left\{ \begin{matrix} 10 : 8 : 38 \\ 10 : 2 : 4 \end{matrix} \right\}$ on the $\left\{ \begin{matrix} \text{highest} \\ \text{lowest} \end{matrix} \right\}$ Mountain, and not as given by *Philothearos* in the *Oracle* for 1738. $b.$

Note, The Sun rises in each Lat. viz. in $\left\{ \begin{matrix} 65^\circ : 00' \\ 64 : 30 \end{matrix} \right\}$ at $\left\{ \begin{matrix} 10 : 35 : 16 \\ 10 : 22 : 56 \end{matrix} \right\}$

Which shew how much those are mistaken, who suppos'd the Sun would first shine on each Mountain, nearly, at his Rising in each Latitude. $Q. E. F.$

Quest. I. (See p. 730. Vol. II. in the *Oracle*. for 1737) answer'd.

This is more than to find the *Versed Sine* of a Segment of a Circle; (whole Area shall = $\frac{1}{4}$ of the whole Circle) which being doubled, will shew the Parts of the Sun's Diameter, to which the Moon is advanc'd, when half his Body is cover'd; Thus, if the Diameter of a Circle or Sun = 12 Parts, then the *Versed Sine* answering to a Quarter of its Area cut off = 3.576012 (found by a Table of Segments) consequently, it's double 7.15202, &c. = the Quantity of Digits, the Sun is eclipsed, when half the Body is cover'd. $Q. E. F.$

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